Carlisle and the Red Men of Other Days

Carlisle and the Red Men of Other Days—From *The Red Man*

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AT CARLISLE

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Carlisle and the Red Men of Other Days: *By George P. Donehoo, D.D.*

NO MORE fitting spot could have been selected for the work of civilizing and educating the Red Man than was chosen by the government, when Carlisle was made the site for the United States Indian School. There is no more beautiful region on the American continent than that of the rich and fertile Cumberland Valley, which sweeps southward from the Susquehanna to the Potomac, between the blue ridges of the Kittatinny and the South mountains. And this picturesque valley of well-kept farms and prosperous cities, cut by the winding streams which have their fountain springs in the tree-covered mountains, has been the arena of historic events which are as thrilling as the most romantic dreams. Every stream which meanders through it, and every mountain Gap which leads out of it, has clustered about it the memories of the days when the Red Men were turning their faces westward from the tide of White invasion, to the blue ridges of the "Endless Mountains"—and to the setting sun.

In this valley the Red Man met the White Man in a determined effort to hold him back from the possession of the great wilderness beyond the mountains, into which he was seeking an entrance. The Red warriors, who had been driven from the shores of the Delaware, had tried to limit the dominion of the White Man by the winding course of the great river which had been the water-highway of his ancestors for almost countless generations. But, the effort was in vain. The great tide of White settlers swept across the Susquehanna and into the Cumberland Valley in the first half of the Eighteenth Century, and threatened to sweep over the blue summits of the mountains and into the almost trackless wilderness beyond. Then the Red Man said that the White flood must be lim-

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ited in its westward course by the great mountain barriers. But, this boundary also was swept away by the ever increasing tide of settlers, and the Red Man was carried across the mountain ridges to the waters of the Ohio, where he again made the attempt to fix the boundary of White dominion—and, made it in vain.

Every stream, every hamlet, every trail leading through the mountain Gaps in all that region about Carlisle, has been stained with the blood of Red Man and White Man alike in this conflict which was fought for the possession of a continent.

Stand on the hills near the Indian School, and as you look towards the blue ridge of the Kittatinny mountains you notice the Gaps, through which ran the trails of the Red Men to the waters of the Ohio. In the days when the vengeance of the alienated Delaware and Shawnee warriors broke upon the settlements in the Cumberland Valley, like a devastating tempest, these mountain Gaps became the gateways through which passed a trail of blood. What more fitting place than this blood-stained battleground of the Red Man and the White Man, could have been selected for the arena in which the Red Man is to fight for his place side by side with his White brother in the onward march of civilization? The mountain Gaps, through which the Red Man once invaded the forest-covered Cumberland Valley, have become the Gateways by which the Red Man is to enter into a larger and a freer life than his ancestors ever dreamed of.

The region about "Old Carlisle" has been made historic by the events of five great conflicts; the French and Indian War, Pontiac's Conspiracy, the American Revolution, the Whiskey Insurrection, and the Civil War. To-day, Frenchman and Englishman, Briton and American, Northerner and Southerner, Red Man and White Man can meet in "Old Carlisle" and all alike receive an inspiration to noble deeds from memories of the historic days gone by.

The memories of these days gone by should be impressed upon the Red Men who are being trained for the larger duties of Civilization amid the scenes where their ancestors waged such bitter conflict, not only with the White Man's civilization, but also with the White Man's debauching traffic in rum. Let it be remembered that the prime cause for the westward migration of the Delaware and Shawnee from the Susquehanna to the Ohio was the debauchery caused by the rum traffic of the Indian trader. Again and again the

THE ROAD TO SOUTH MOUNTAIN.—THE DEPRESSION IN THE MOUNTAIN IS "CROGHAN'S GAP, NOW STERRETT'S GAP

GAP IN SOUTH MOUNTAIN THROUGH WHICH THE CONFEDERATE ARMY PASSED TO GETTYSBURG AFTER LEAVING CARLISLE.—AN OLD INDIAN TRAIL

SITE OF FORT LOUTHER, CARLISLE, DOWN WHICH STREET COUNTLESS FEATHER-CRESTED WARRIORS STAMPED, AND OVER WHICH HURRIED THE HIGHLANDERS OF BOUQET TO THE RELIEF OF FORT PITT

THE OLD BRIDGE OVER THE CONEDOGWINET, ON THE ROAD LEADING TO FORTY SHILLINGS GAP, ON THE TRAIL WESTWARD AND SOUTHWARD

wise chiefs of these tribes made complaint against this traffic, which was robbing their hunters of their furs and peltries, their warriors of their manhood and their women of their virtue. But, as the tide of the White settlers flowed westward across the Susquehanna, there flowed with it the devastating flood of rum, which was carried into every Indian village by the traders. The wise chiefs of these noble tribes objected to the sale of rum, and then, when the authorities of the Province were powerless to stop it, they led their women and children across the great mountain ridges to the Ohio to escape from this curse of the White Man's bringing. When the conflict commenced on the shores of "La Belle Riviere" between the two great nations of Europe for the dominion of a continent, the Red Men who were there, and who were to play such a leading part in the struggle, had been driven there by the sales of their lands between the Delaware and the Susquehanna and the traffic in rum, which they were trying to escape. The alienation of these warriors of the Delaware and Shawnee was the chief reason for the awful slaughter of Braddock's army, and of the fearful years of bloodshed which followed.

The Shawnee came northward from the Potomac in 1698, making their first settlement at the mouth of Pequea creek, on the Susquehanna river. They soon spread northward along that river and in the early years of the Eighteenth Century had a village at the mouth of the Conedogwinet, from which place Peter Chartiers led a number of them westward to the Ohio. At about the same time, somewhere about 1720, James Le Tort built his log cabin at Big Beaver Pond, now Bonny Brook, on the site of a deserted Shawnee village. This famous Indian trader, who was one of the first, if not the very first White Man to cross the ridges of the "Endless Mountains" into the western country, and whose history is so interwoven with that of "Old Carlisle", demands more than a mere passing notice. His father, Captain Jacques LeTort, was a French Huguenot, who came into Pennsylvania from London in 1686. In 1693 he and his wife, Anne LeTort, were engaged in the Indian trade in the region of the Schuylkill. Governor Markham said, in speaking of him, "LeTort is a Protestant, who was sent over in 1686 with a considerable cargo and several French Protestants, of whom he had charge, by Dr. Cox, Sir Mathias Vincent, and a third gentleman, to settle 30, 000 acres of land up the Schuylkill, that they had bought of Mr. Penn; and that's the place he lives at."

He began his Indian trade at Conestoga about 1695. The son, James LeTort, passed through many difficulties on account of his French descent, upon the beginning of the hostile feeling against the French government. He was engaged with Peter Bezalion, another Frenchman, in the trade with the Indians at Conestoga and other places. They were arrested and examined before the Pennsylvania Council and imprisoned in the jail at Philadelphia, until they were released on bonds. James LeTort testified that while he was of French descent he was nevertheless loyal to the English government, and was born in Philadelphia. He was again arrested and confined in jail in 1711, but was released and was regularly licensed as an Indian trader, by the Governor, in 1713.

In 1722 when he made a re-application for a license he said that he had been regularly engaged in the Indian trade for the "past twenty-five years." He was living with his mother at Conestoga in 1704, his father evidently having died. After the death of his mother he moved from Conestoga to Big Beaver Pond (now Bonny Brook), where the Shawnee, who had migrated to the Ohio, had a village. The same site was afterwards occupied by other Shawnee and Delaware until shortly before the beginning of the French and Indian War. James Le Tort was the first White Man to enter the great wilderness beyond the Ohio, from the region east of the Kittatinny mountains. He roamed as far west as the Miami river, trading with the Indians at all of the intervening points. His name is perpetuated in the western country by LeTort's Rapids, LeTort's Creek and LeTort's Island in the Ohio river, just south of the Meigs county line, in Ohio. The Red Men at Carlisle to-day have the memorial of this famous Indian trader in the beautiful stream which winds from Bonny Brook, past the school grounds, into the no less picturesque Conedogwinet.

The Delaware and the Shawnee, who had settled on the Ohio, were not to be allowed to remain in the peaceful possession of their newly-found villages on the shores of the "Beautiful River." The Indian trader followed them over the trails which they had made through the mountain wilderness, and the scenes of debauchery and bloodshed caused by rum on the Susquehanna were repeated on the shores of the Ohio. The traders of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia came into keen rivalry with the traders from Canada, and then came the invasion of the Ohio valley by the army

WHERE THE TRAIL WINDS NORTHWARD ALONG THE POTOMAC TO JOIN THE TRAIL NEAR CHAMBERSBURG

LOOKING DOWN THE CONEDOGWINET, THE KITTATINY MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE—NEAR THE OLD FORDING PLACE ON THE TRAIL

LeTort's Spring, near Bonny Brook—Site of Shawnee Village at Big Beaver Pond

Looking out of the Cave, which once may have been an Underground Passage of LeTort's Spring. Notice Indian Head in Rock

of France and the Red Man entered upon the stage of world history. In the conflict between the two great Nations of Europe for the possession of the Ohio valley—and the great Empire of the West—the Red Man held the balance of Power. As he threw his influence, so waged the contest. When the Province of Pennsylvania and the Colonies of Maryland and Virgina realized the magnitude of the crisis which Anglo-Saxon civilization was facing, they at once took steps to win back the alienated warriors of the Delaware and Shawnee and other Indian tribes associated with them on the Ohio and its tributaries.

The first great Indian Council at Carlisle, in the fall of 1753, was caused by the building of the French forts at Presqu' Isle, Le Boeuf and Venango, and the threatened completion of the chain of forts to the French possessions on the Mississippi. The importance of this Indian Council has never been given the place which it deserves in the history of "Old Carlisle." Let us notice, briefly, a few of the persons who attended it, and some of the things which were considered.

The Commission, appointed by Governor James Hamilton, consisted of Richard Peters, Issac Norris and Benjamin Franklin. The interpreters were, Andrew Montour, George Croghan and Conrad Weiser—all three of them historic characters in the great drama which was being enacted on the American continent. The tribes represented were, the Six Nations, Delaware, Shawnee, Twightwee and Wyandote (Huron). Among the most prominent of the Indian chiefs were, Scarouady, the famous Oneida chief, who succeeded the Half King (Tanacharison), and who always remained a firm friend of the English; Shingas, the Delaware, whose raids into the White settlements in later years became trails of bloodshed and cruelty; Pisquitomen, also a Delaware, who was the companion of Christian F. Post in his mission to the Indians at Kuskuski and Fort Duquesne in advance of the army of General Forbes, in 1758; Carondowanen, the Oneida, who was the husband of the famous Madame Montour; Tomenibuck, the Shawnee chief, and many others of less historic fame.

These chiefs of the Red Men from Ohio region had been to visit Governor Fairfax at Winchester, Virginia, who had written to Governor Hamilton, informing him of their conference with him and telling him of their desire to meet with the authorities of Penn-

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sylvania at Carlisle, as they returned to their homes in the West. Governor Hamilton appointed the Commisson, before mentioned, to meet with these Indian chiefs and to "renew, ratify, and confirm the Leagues of Amity subsisting between Our said Province of Pennsylvania and the said Nations of Indians." The Red Men at Carlisle should most certainly celebrate the 160th Anniversary of this "League of Amity," in the fall of 1913. What an inspiring scene it would make to have the great body of Red Men and Women, students at Carlisle, meet on the historic ground of the Council of 1753 to "renew, ratify and confirm the League of Amity" which now exists between the Red Man and the White Man in this great Nation!

At this Council Scarouady informed the Commissioners that the Indians at Venango (now Franklin, Pa.) had warned the French force not to advance beyond Niagara, which warning was not heeded. The chiefs of the Six Nations, Delaware and Shawnee then held a Council at Logstown (below Pittsburg), and sent a second notice to the French commander, who was then near Venango, and who treated the message with contempt. After the answer to this warning was received at Logstown, the Indians held another Council at which it was decided to send two deputations; one headed by the Half King to go to Venango to give a final notice to the French army, and the other, headed by Scarouady, to go to Virginia and Pennsylvania to tell of the events which were taking place on the Ohio. This later delegation reached Carlisle, from Winchester, on September 28, 1753, when the Council took place with the Commissioners of the Province. The Council was in session until October 4th. It was opened with all of the formalities of the customs of the Red Men. "Speeches" were made and "Strings" were presented by the Commissioners to each of the tribes represented, expressing condolence for the losses which each tribe had sustained by the death of its warriors. On October 2nd, the various gifts were divided among the tribes present, and on the 3rd Scarouady replied to the speeches of the Commissioners.

This wise and friendly Oneida chief said, after recounting the events which were taking place on the Ohio, "we desire that Pennsylvania and Virginia would at present forbear settling our lands over the Allegheny Hills. We advise you rather to call your People back on this side the Hills lest Damage should be done and

you think ill of us". Then he spoke of the rum trade as follows: "Your Traders now bring scarcely anything but Rum and Flour. They bring little Powder and Lead or other valuable Goods. The Rum Ruins us. We beg you would prevent its coming in such Quantities by regulating the Traders. When these Whiskey Traders come they bring thirty or forty Caggs and put them down before Us and make Us drink, and get all the Skins that should go to pay the Debts We have contracted for Goods bought of the Fair Traders, and by this means We not only ruin Ourselves but them too. These wicked Whiskey Sellers, when they have once got the Indians in Liquor, make them sell their very Clothes from their Backs. In short, if this Practice be continued we must inevitably be ruined". Such was the condition of the Indian trade in the Ohio valley, when the English were about to send their armies into it. Scarouady was, and continued to be a loyal friend of the English, even when his warnings were disregarded. The disastrous defeat of Braddock, two years later, was due far more to the alienation of the Delaware and Shawnee on the Ohio, because of the fearful abuses of the rum traffic than to any lack of ability on the part of Braddock himself. Had the warnings of Scarouady at this council at Carlisle, in 1753, been heeded there would have been no slaughter of Braddock's army in 1755. Poor Braddock was dead and had to take the blame for a defeat which nothing could have prevented, because the Indians on the Ohio had been driven by the nefarious land sales and the traffic in rum, away from the English and into the arms of the French.

The council closed on October 4th, and the Red Men returned to the Ohio. The course followed by these warriors as they went westward was no doubt the same as that which the traders followed from Carlisle to Shannopin's Town (now Pittsburg). The trail passed through "Croghan's Gap" (now Sterrits Gap), through Aughwick (Shirleysburg), Raystown (Bedford), Loyalhanning (Ligonier) to Shannopin's Town (Pittsburg). The author has followed the course of this historic pathway of the Red Man across the Kittatinny, Allegheny, Laurel and Chestnut ridges—on foot, just as the Red Men walked it centuries ago. And what a beautiful trip it is! Small wonder that the Red Men, who loved those picturesque ridges of mountains and the beautiful, winding streams in every valley, fought to keep such a glorious possession. They have departed,

"But, their name is on your waters;
Ye may not wash it out."

On the 8th of January, 1756, Governor Robert H. Morris, with James Hamilton, Richard Peters and Joseph Fox held a Council with two Indians of the Six Nations at John Harris' Ferry, and then adjourned to meet at Carlisle. Here the second Council at Carlisle was held on January 13th, 1756. William Logan joined with the other commissioners in the conference. The year had been one of the darkest in the history of the Province. Braddock's defeat had been followed by an Indian uprising throughout the entire frontiers. From Wyoming to the Potomac the Red Man had left a trail of burning cabins and desolate clearings in his wake. The Indian villages at Kittanning, Logstown, Sacunk, Kuskuski—and far west on the Muskingum were filled with White captives, taken from the Cumberland Valley and elsewhere on the frontiers.

George Croghan and Conrad Weiser were again present as interpreters and advisers. The Indians present were, The Belt, Aroas (Silver Heels), Jagrea, Newcastle, Seneca George and others less known. The Governor made a "speech" in which he recited the ancient friendship which had existed between the Indians and the Province, and lamented the hostility which had caused the fearful slaughter of so many people, both Red and White, and asked for advice from the Indians present as to what he should do to regain the friendship of the hostile Red Men. "The Belt" made a reply in which he stated that they had followed the example of the English in sending a message by Scarouady and Montour to the Six Nations, and that they would await the return of these messengers from the Great Council at Onondaga before making a final answer. This council adjourned on Jan. 17th, without having accomplished anything of any importance. Upon the return of Scarouady and Montour, from their mission to the Six Nations, the work of winning back the hostile Delaware ard Shawnee was commenced in earnest, and it resulted finally in the Peace Mission of C. F. Post to the Ohio in 1758, when he prevailed upon the Indians to remain away from the French at Fort Duquesne. Thus, General Forbes, through the efforts of this heroic Moravian Missionary, marched into the crumbling ruins of the French fort, without striking a blow.

The visit of this brave man to Carlisle in the summer of 1762 is

PARKWAY ON THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL CAMPUS—LOOKING FROM GUARDHOUSE

A CARLISLE CAMPUS VIEW—LOOKING NORTH FROM THE SCHOOL BUILDING

not mentioned in many of the accounts of the early history of the town. He was then acting as the escort for the large body of Indians, and their White captives, who were on their way to the council at Lancaster, from the Tuscarawas river. Among the most prominent chiefs in this troop of Red Men was King Beaver (Tamaque), a brother of Shingas, and the leading chief of the western Delawares. Post left the Tuscarawas with these Red Men and their captives on June 29th, reaching Carlisle on July 25th, where they remained until they left for Harris' Ferry on the 27th. Post had trouble from the very outset of this journey in trying to keep the "white captives" from running away from him and returning to their Indian homes. The bondage of the Red Masters could not have been very cruel when both men and women of the White race, who had been delivered from it, ran back to it. But, Post's troubles were not all caused by his White captives. He says in his Journal, "The people at Carlisle were most all gathered to see the prisoners and Indians; although we did whatever we could to prevent liquor among the Indians, they got some for all, of some people. In the evening they had a frolick by dancing, singing, & drinking al. night long."

Then came the days when the Red Men, under the leadership of the truly great Pontiac, arose in their wrath and swept over mountain and valley like a devastating scourge. Carlisle became a place of refuge for the settlers who were fleeing in terror from their frontier homes. When Bouquet reached Carlisle at the end of June, 1763, he found every building in the town filled with the thoroughly frightened families of the settlers from all of the frontier region. The news from the great wilderness beyond the mountains became more and more alarming as the days went by. On the 3rd of July he received, by an express rider from Fort Bedford, the news of the complete destruction of the forts at Presqu' Isle, Le Boeuf, and Venango. What would be the fate of Fort Pitt? Could Lieutenant Blane hold his little post at Fort Ligonier? Would Captain Ourry, at Fort Bedford, hold his post until he could reach him? These were the questions which the worried Bouquet wished to have answered. If Bedford and Ligonier fell before the fury of the Red Men, then Fort Pitt was doomed. The people at Carlisle were so benumbed with terror that he could get little assistance from them. When the express rider, from

Fort Bedford, rode into Carlisle on July 3rd, with the fearful news from the frontier forts which had fallen, the streets of the peaceful little city of to-day were crowded with white-faced men and women, who listened to the tidings with sinking hopes. The entire region west of Carlisle was deserted. Every trail and road leading to the village was filled with terror-stricken settlers who were fleeing from the wrath to come. Some of them did not feel safe even when they reached the shelter of the fort here, but wildly hurried on to Lancaster and even to Philadelphia.

Finally the sorely pressed Bouquet had gathered suppiies enough for his expedition, and with his little force of scarely 500 effective men, consisting chiefly of the Highlanders of the Forty-second regiment, he started southward towards Shippensburg, to enter into the great wilderness beyond the Kittatinny Mountains. We can imagine with what feelings the frightened settlers at Carlisle watched that little army disappear in the forests, as it started on its long journey of over 200 miles over the great ridges of mountains and sweeping forests, which were swarming with the hostile Red Men. It is no over-statement of fact to say that the hope of Anglo Saxon dominion beyond the blue mountain ridges depended upon those 500 worn and tired Highlanders, as they were swallowed up in the mountains at Parnall's Knob. The frontier forts at Bedford, Ligonier and Pittsburg were surrounded in that great forest-enshrouded wilderness by the hostile Red Men, who threatened to drive the White invaders back over the mountains. Then came the battle of Bushy Run, on those hot August days, and the Red Man was driven back to the Muskingum, but at what a fearful cost! This famous battle is often spoken of as having ended the conflict with the Red Men for the possession of the region east of the Ohio, but such was not the case. The hostile warriors from the Tuscarawas and Muskingum crossed the Ohio, carrying devastation into the settlements, and carrying the White prisoners back with them to their villages. Then came Bouquet's expedition in 1764, into the "Indian Country," as the region west of the Ohio was called. Again the streets of "Old Carlisle" rang with the tramp of the Highlanders and the frontiersmen from Pennsylvania and Virginia, as they marched down the Cumberland Valley and by way of Fort Loudon and Bedford, on their way westward to the distant waters of the Muskingum. Then came the bloodless

THE SPRING—ON THE SCHOOL FARM—A FAVORITE SPOT IN THE SUMMER TIME

CAMPUS VISTA AND SCHOOL BUILDING, INDIAN SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA

victory over the warriors of the Seneca, Shawnee and Delaware on the Tuscarawas, when the far-famed Kiasutha, Turtleheart, Custaloga, Tamaque and Keisinantcha sued for peace and promised to deliver the White captives which were held by them in their villages. Then followed that historic march of Bouquet's army back from the Tuscarawas to Fort Pitt and on to Bedford and Carlisle, taking home the White captives, who had to be bound to keep them from returning to their Indian homes in the villages of the Red Men. Truly such a scene as this cannot be matched by the wildest dreams of the Novelist. Again "Old Carlisle" became the scene of thrilling events, when these returning captives were delivered back to the loved ones, who had not seen them for years. The familiar incident of the German mother, whose daughter, stolen in childhood, recognized her only through the singing of the plaintive melody.

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear"

—is but one of the scenes of that historic day. The conflict with the Red Men had hardly ended when "Old Carlisle" again saw the lines of armed frontiersmen marching to the assistance of their brothers who were fighting for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Then a Nation was builded on the American continent, which in years to come was to give the benefits of its civilization to Black Man, Red Man and MAN—just because he was Man and had a right to everything and every power within himself, which was capable of leading him to a higher and a better and a broader Life.

One hundred and fifteen years after Bouquet's Army returned from the Tuscarawas—almost to a day—Carlisle was again invaded by the Indians. But what a different sort of an invasion it was from those of the century before! On October 6, 1879, a party of 82 Indians from the Sioux Reservation, followed early in November by another party of 47 Kiowa, Cheyenne and Pawnee, invaded the historic ground of "Old Carlisle," clad in the habilaments of their race. But this invasion was not for "scalps" of the White Man, but for the purpose of learning how to live. This band of Red Men and Women came back into the beautiful, prosperous, and peaceful Cumberland Valley, not as captives, but as the welcome guests of the Nation. They came to learn from the White Man, whose ancestors had taught their ancestors the use of gunpowder and the abuse of rum, the use of the tools of hand and brain for the

building of homes and the building of character. They came to learn the arts of Peace, and not the arts of War. The Red Man of other days was taught the use of gunpowder and of rum by our ancestors, and only too well did he learn the use of both of these articles of destruction. If we are tempted to turn up our cultured noses in contempt for the Red Man as we meet him in his villages in the West, let us just remember that he is what he is, because he has been an apt scholar of the White Man. He has seen the vice of the White Man from the day he first landed on the continent until now. When he beheld the true virtue of the White Man of the type of Heckewelder, Zeisberger and scores of others like them, the Red Man became as true a nobleman as ever trod the earth. Back in the days when the Cumberland Valley was an almost trackless wilderness, the Red Man who sat at the feet of such a man as Frederick Post, became like him, for, he learned of him. The Red Man has seen the White Man as a land grabber, as a grafter, as a whiskey dealer, as the debaucher of his wife and daughter, since the days when Columbus first set foot upon the American continent down to the present minute. Thus the chief impression of the White Man and his civilization has not been of a sort to attract the Red Man. The Revolution of the Red Man can be accomplished only by taking him out of his environment of drunken Indian traders and land grabbers and putting him in an environment of true culture and refinement and letting him see for himself what the virtues of the White Man are—he has for generations seen the vice.

The Indian being what he was before the White Man was brought into his life, being what he has been since the White Man touched his life,—the work of education which is being done at "Old Carlisle" is little short of a miracle. The Red Man who enters the Indian School from his tepee in Alaska passes through in four years the stages of evolution which are marked in the history of the development of the Anglo-saxon race, not by years but by uncounted centuries. No place on the American continent, from every point of view, could have been more fittingly chosen as the stage on which the Red Man is to enter into the great drama of civilized life, than has been chosen at "Old Carlisle". Here, in an environment of true culture and refinement, with the beautiful ridges of the Kittatinny mountains—beloved by his ancestors—sweeping along the western horizon, in scenes hallowed by the memories of his

people, the Red Man can enter the highways which will lead him into true citizenship in the land, for the possession of which, his fathers died. And, he will tread the trails of civilization with the same dignity of bearing with which his noble ancestors trod the trails of the forests and mountains. The Red Man has ever been made by his environment. The sweeping, forest-enshrouded wilderness, the rugged mountains, the far-reaching praries made him the creature of savage adaptation. Even his clothing and his ornamentation, like the plumage of the forest birds, was in harmony with his environment. The environment of civilization at its best, which is to be found at "Old Carlisle", will lead him by the inborn law of his very nature to adapt himself to that environment. The change, shown by photographs, which takes place in the outward aspect of the Red Man from the time he enters Carlisle and when he leaves its transforming work, is more than a change of clothing. The change of clothing is only the outward and visible symbol of the change which has taken place in his own soul, in its adaptation to the life of the civilization of the White Man. The Red Man, in his savage garb, is one of the most heroic figures of history. The Red Man, in his environment of true culture and usefulness, will be just as heroic a figure in the drama of American civilization.

And, the Red Man, when adapted to his environment of Civilization; when brought to a realization that the free life of the forest and mountains and plains, which his fathers lost, has been replaced by the full liberty which only Truth can give; when brought to love the Nation which has been builded on the continent which his forefathers loved, back into the dimness of the unrecorded ceuturies of the Past—then will the Red Man, as could no other, say:

"My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above"

—for, the Red Man is the truest type of Patriot this continent ever had on it. Every battlefield of the Red Man from the Atlantic to the Pacific is evidence enough of that fact. When the Red Man fought, he fought for his home and his native land. When this great Nation becomes his Nation, he will fight for it, because deeper than all other loves is the love of the Red Man for "his Nation."